

De La Soul Lyrics

"Supa Emcees"

[Chorus: Slick Rick sample from MC Ricky D and Doug E. Fresh's "La-Di-Da-Di"]

Hey, whatever happened to the emcees
Times done changed for the emcees
Every woman and man wanna emcee
But for what, I tell you emceeing ain't for you!

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[Verse One: Dove]

Man I'm on the set like the flicks so let your parents flash
A splash bigger than whales, I'm makin monsters mash
Spit Pinocchio's Theory when shit be looking weary
I need rest, but I boogie for now, I'm on some mess
like the best mics respond to me
Living days, like dreams of specializing in the art that pays
I be a mystic for life, so check my ID number
Emcees be kneading/needing dough while I make bread like Wonder
Yes, that's what you heard, so save that acting for the screen
See you can can that manager with the beans
I bust emcees like lies surprise em out the box
Put away the soda pops I'd rather rub on the rocks
A dime-getter tried to get what I got, for what?
I guess Southern folks cash makes the lovin come fast
But I'm past alla that, it's time to break with the breeze
Get to your knees, here comes the Supa Emcees

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Pos]

Within this program of rap, I'll eradicate the glitches
Yo I'm dark like Wesley, but I be sparkin more bitches
and to them my constellation put your lives in jep
While you others represent, I present my rep
Cause when it comes to making dents, I'm that main in print
Even smoked from blunts which give eyes the reddish tint
Could not prevent, YOU from seeing I'm the light
but bring attention to my words like some ads in tights
I heard you want to fight me, with your words on stage
So Mase pulls that instrumental from the jam YOU made
And as he starts cutting what you sold, I'll talk all over your tones
as if my name was Pete Rock or Sean "Puffy" Combs
Send your tattered ass home, with celly phones I roam
with my fleet, here to make this rap game complete
While you live fables, unstable, acting very radical

Projecting like you're hard, when in fact you're quite vaginal

[Chorus]